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No. 298.

THE TRIALS OF A HOSTESS

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY

MARY F. KINGSTON

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TMP96-006603

JAN 23 1915
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THE TRIALS OF A HOSTESS

PROLOGUE.

Good Friends, in days gone by, when Art was young,
And Drama still was in its swaddling clothes,
There was a Go-Between 'twixt pit and stage,
And oftentimes, the People—waiting for a thrill——
Were gently 'prised of what was next to come.
But mayhap, their imaginations were less keen:
And settings for the stage (less artfully done)
Made explanation requisite.
And so—they had a Prologue.
We need no explanation for this play;
The action, you will see, is simple quite;
The scene is one of no unusual place:
Nor are the people of a type unknown.
To have me come before, is but a whim——
For I am PROLOGUE.
And the purport of my mission's this:
We crave your kind indulgence, and goodwill——
And, if perchance, we make a smile rise to your lips,
We shall consider that the evening has been one
Of profit to you, Friends, and to Ourselves, as well.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. MONTGOMERY. . *President of The Women's General Information Club—and Hostess of the Day*
MRS. GERALD DE VAUSNEY. . . . . *A Society Woman*
MISS VOTINE. . . . . *A Spinster and Suffragette*
MRS. JOE ERRIC. . . . . *A tactless Chatterbox*
MISS ACRIBEL. . . . . *A Cynical and Doleful Old Maid*
BRIDGET *Stupid Irish—fresh from "The Ould Sod"*
SECRETARY
TREASURER
MRS. NORDICA-SHUMANN-HEINCK-WARBLER
MRS. CHAMINADE-BEETHOVEN-JONES

ACT I.

SCENE:—MRS. MONTGOMERY'S living room.
TIME:—Morning.

ACT II.

SCENE:—The same.
TIME:—Afternoon.

ACT III.

SCENE:—The same.
TIME:—An hour later.

The Trials of a Hostess

ACT 1.

SCENE:—MRS. MONTGOMERY'S *living room. Door at center back, leading into hall. Door at left, leading into dining room. A table desk at right front, on which is a telephone and the morning's mail. Room shows comfort, but not great wealth. Curtain rises on empty stage.*

(*Enter* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *from dining room. She is dressed in an attractive morning gown. With dignity, she walks to the desk; opens her mail, and begins to read. No word is spoken. Enter* BRIDGET. *She is red-headed, clumsy and talkative. She is not over-neat—and comes in with the dish cloth in one hand, and a saucepan in the other.*)

BRIDGET. (*Walking rapidly to* MRS. MONTGOMERY'S *side*) Did yez call mum? The whilst Oi wuz a-wurrkin' all alone by mesilf, thinks Oi to mesilf thinks Oi, there's the new missus a-callin' of me—and Oi asks ye this, mum, did yez jist call out loike this here: (*Screams*) Bri-id-g-ge-e-t?

MRS. MONTGOMERY. (*Aghast*) Why no, Bridget, I didn't call, and even if I had, you should have come in without a word, and waited for my instructions. But I do not shout—I RING when I want you.

BRIDGET. (*Humbly*) Yis'm, Mrs. Mont—Mont—Monty——

MRS. M. (*Helping her out*) Mrs. Montgomery, Bridget.

BRIDGET. (*Smiling*) All right and yis mum, Mrs. (*Swallowing*) Montry. (BRIDGET *starts to leave the room but is recalled*)

MRS. M. While you are here, Bridget, I might as well tell you a few things about my work. I am *very* particular about the way my house looks. (*Emphatically*) I have a place for *everything,* and I want everything *in its place.* Look about you as you go through the rooms (BRIDGET *gapes around the room*) and see where things are kept, and then be sure that everything is where it belongs.

BRIDGET. Yis'm. (*She starts out of the room again*)

MRS. M. And, another thing, Bridget. At breakfast time you put everything on the table at once. Please remember that I want only the fruit on at first—then the cereal—and then the rest of the breakfast. Do you think you will remember?

BRIDGET. Yis. It's a grab-bag-party ye want to be a-playin'—ye know what ye've got now, and it's a guess whot ye'll git nixt. All roight, Oi'll remember. (*She starts out of the room again*)

MRS. M. (*Ignoring this remark, and recalling* BRIDGET *once more*) And now about lunch. I expect to have a very busy morning, and I want to tell you about these things now so that you will not bother me later. (*Slowly and emphatically*) We'll have some shirred eggs-on-toast; (BRIDGET *stares at her blankly*) some baked potatoes: (BRIDGET *smiles comprehendingly*) some snow pudding; (BRIDGET'S *jaw drops*) and some cocoa. Can you fix these things without help?

BRIDGET. (*Bravely*) Yis'm, sure and Oi can! (BRIDGET *gets as far as the dining room door, when* MRS. MONTGOMERY *thinks of something else*)

MRS. M. Oh, yes, I want to tell you about this afternoon. I am going to have my Club here.

(BRIDGET, *in terror, drops the saucepan with a clatter.*)

BRIDGET. (*Genuinely alarmed*) Yer club?

MRS. M. (*Unconsciously, arranging her hair*) Why, yes, my Club. I shall have it here most of the afternoon, and I do want you to act as you should.

BRIDGET. (*Staring fixedly at* MRS. MONTGOMERY) Yer club is it? (*Aside*) Bejabbers, is it a club she'll be usin' on the poor loikes uv me! Oh, why did Oi iver lave Ould Oirland, if they're goin' to use a club on me if Oi don't act roight. (*Arranging her hair and imitating* MRS. MONTGOMERY) Yis, Oi'll have me club here most of the afthernoon, and Oi want yez to act as ye should. (*Straightening up*) But Oi'm Oirish, Oi am, and it's not Bridget O'Flinnigin thot's goin' to stand it quiet loike.

MRS. M. (*Looking up and noticing* BRIDGET'S *consternation*) Why, what's the matter, Bridget? Surely you're not afraid of a Woman's Club?

BRIDGET. (*Bravely to* MRS. MONTGOMERY) Oh, no! (*Aside*) Well, it's hearty glad Oi am it's not a mon's club! A mon's club makes me think o' me poor, dead father (rest his soul!) Oi can feel his good stout club a-flyin' around me head even yet. (*Aloud to* MRS. MONTGOMERY) But whot are ye goin' to do wid yer club?

MRS. M. Why, I am not going to *do* anything with it. It meets here.

BRIDGET. (*Puzzled*) It *meets*, does it? Of all the clubs Oi iver heard, ivery last wan uv thim would *beat*—not *meet!* And, annyway, Oi don't know wot *is* a woman's club. Oi know wot is a cudgel, and a shellaley, but cut me up and throw me out doors, if iver Oi heard of a *woman's club!*

MRS. M. (*Patiently*) But you don't understand,

Bridget. It is a society composed of several women with whom I am acquainted. To-day the society will come here—and in two weeks one of the other women will entertain. Now do you understand?

BRIDGET. (*Smiling broadly*) Oh, bad cess to me sthupid head! A society is it, and yez call it a club? Oi'll be askin' yer pardon fer not knowin'.

MRS. M. That's all right, Bridget—and now that you know what a club is, I'll tell you what you must do when it is here. Have you a black dress.

BRIDGET. (*Enthusiastically*) Yis, Oi have—it's the wan Oi used to wear to mass in Oirland, and there wuzn't a gurrl in the village thot had anny better, cause me mother tould me so. It's a very stylish dress—would yez loike to be afther seein' it? (BRIDGET *grabs up the saucepan, which has been lying on the floor unnoticed by her—and starts to rush from the room*)

MRS. M. (*Hastily*) No, Bridget, no. I am sure it will be all right. And have you a clean cap and apron?

BRIDGET. (*Proudly*) Yis, Oi have. Oi made thim meself before Oi left Oirland.

MRS. M. Well, you are to wear the black dress this afternoon——

BRIDGET. (*Interrupting on the word "afternoon"*)—but it's me Best-Sunday-Dress-up-and-go-to-church-in-it dress, and to-day ain't Sunday—it's only Wednesday!

MRS. M. (*Severely*) Listen to me, Bridget. You must not interrupt me when I am speaking. If you wish to stay here, you must obey me without reply. You are to wear your black dress; a clean white apron; and a clean cap!

BRIDGET. (*Meekly*) Yis'm.

MRS. M. And I want you to go to the front door promptly. (*Shakes her finger at* BRIDGET) Be listening for the door bell, and please act as though you were used to it. And don't peep out two or

three times to see who is there before you open the door. Try to make people think you have been with me a long, long time. That will do—you may go. (*Exit* BRIDGET. MRS. MONTGOMERY *soliloquizing*) What ever am I to do with that girl! I thought Jeannette was bad enough, but this one—she's impossible! But I'll *have* to keep her until to-morrow, and then—(MRS. MONTGOMERY *starts to read her mail. She has but just begun when the 'phone rings. She draws it to her.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *answering*) Yes—Yes, this is Mrs. Montgomery. Who?—Oh, yes, Mrs. De Vausney, how do you do?—That's good—Yes, it *is* this afternoon.—Oh, did she?—That's right, we will start at three o'clock. Yes, I am *so* glad you can be with us.—I was afraid you would not be home from your summer place in time.—Yes.—(*Thoughtfully*) Why, we expect to have the regular business meeting, and then a very attractive program, *I* think.—Well, for one thing—Miss Votine is to read a paper on "The Effect of Equal Suffrage on the Price of Mucilage."—Yes, it should be very helpful.—What did you say?—Oh, yes.—And then, Mrs. Erric was to have read a paper on "Repose, the Keynote of Health"—but she got so excited over it that we were afraid she would be too ill to come to the meeting at all, so we excused her. Miss Acribel is to take her place.—She is going to read an original poem entitled, "What's the Use?"—Yes, it will be an excellent meeting. (*Surprised*)—No, I hadn't heard about it.—What a time you are having, to be sure. This servant problem is certainly a serious one.—Yes, I got a new one yesterday.—Irish. Verdant green—and you know what *that* means!—No, she doesn't seem to have had the slightest experience.—I certainly *hope* so!—All right, Mrs. De Vausney, I shall expect you this afternoon. Good-bye. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *once more tries to read her mail*)

BRIDGET. (*Poking her head in at the dining*

room door—and in a strident voice) Mrs. Montgomery, how in the name of the howly saints d'yez git the eggs *shirred?* Ivery toime Oi put the needle through wan uv thim, the insides all run outside—and if ye'll tell me anny other way to *shir* thim Oi'll be obliged for ivermore. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *does not answer, but hastily leaves for the kitchen. The door bell rings.* BRIDGET *dashes through the room, into the front hall, and returns, half-dragging* MRS. ERRIC. MRS. ERRIC *is dumbfounded to be thus received.* BRIDGET *hospitably*) Yis, Mrs. Montgomery is to hum, and she says to me loike this, sez she, 'Bridget, listen fer the door bell and act as if ye wuz used to it'—so when it rang, runs Oi through the house—and here ye are. (*Proudly surveys* MRS. ERRIC, *much to* MRS ERRIC'S *discomfiture*)

MRS. ERRIC. (*Nervously and fussily*) All right, all right. Please tell Mrs. Montgomery that Mrs. Erric would like to see her.

BRIDGET. (*Interestedly*) Is thot *yer* name? *Me* name is Bridget—Bridget O'Flinnigin. Say, have yez lived in Americy very long.

MRS. E. (*Trying to squelch her*) All my life.

BRIDGET. (*Undaunted*) Have yez? Oi haven't. Oi've lived here only a week. Thot ain't very long—but it's long enough to be talked about!

MRS. E. (*Curiously*) Talked about?

BRIDGET. Yis, and in this house, too. I comed here yisterday marnin', and in the afthernoon they wuz a-talkin' about me. Mrs. Montgomery had three foine ladies here to play cards. Oi know wot they wuz a-doin' cuz I peeked. Did yez iver peek, mum?

MRS. ERRIC. (*Uncomfortably*) Of course not! (MRS. ERRIC *sits down. She grows impatient*)

BRIDGET. Well, it's glad Oi am thot Oi did. Whilst they wuz playin' wid the cards, Mrs. Montgomery picked her bunch up, and looked at thim. She acted loike she wuz playin', but she wuz talkin'

about me. Oi couldn't hear wot she said at first, but then she said right out loud, 'Bridge it'—and Oi yells back, 'Eh?' Iverbody jumped as if they'd seen a ghost. Oi guess it wuz their conscience thot bit 'em. It's unlucky to listen so I runned away—but bye and bye Oi comed back, and as true as Oi'm sittin' here (BRIDGET *was standing*) wan of the other ladies laughed rale low, and then said 'Bridge it.' Oi wouldn't stay to hear anny more. Oi ran to the kitchen and cried instid. And they kept a-sayin' 'pray do,' and so I did.

MRS. E. (*Smiling in spite of herself*) Why, they weren't talking about you, Bridget, they were playing a game called Bridge, and they said 'bridge—it.'

BRIDGET. (*Sitting down in the chair nearest* MRS. ERRIC, *and in a confidential manner*) Oi might think ye wuz right if thot had been all. It wuzn't. Even Mr. Montgomery—him wot's the boss here—talks about me. Last night they had company. It wuz Mr. Saunders. He's an engineer without anny engine—loike Mr. Montgomery. Say, how can a mon be an engineer, whin all he does is to build railroads, and don't run anny engine at all, at all?

(MRS. ERRIC, *who has been fussing with her handkerchief through this one-sided conversation, gets up and changes her chair in hopes of stopping* BRIDGET.)

MRS. E. (*Walking to another chair*) He is what they call a *Civil* engineer, Bridget.

BRIDGET. (*Nothing daunted, follows* MRS. ERRIC *and seats herself close by the caller*) Civil, is it? Do yez think it's civil to be talkin' about a poor girl way off from her mother, Oi don't!

MRS. E. (*Hopelessly*) How do you know that Mr. Montgomery talked about you?

BRIDGET. (*Impressively*) Oi heard him. Mr.

Montgomery was talkin' to Mr. Saunders about a railroad. Oi wanted to listen, but the missus sint me out fer bread—and jist as Oi comed back in the room, Mr. Saunders leans over the table and sez rale slow-loike 'But wot will ye do wid the cut?' And Mr. Montgomery asks out quick and sharp loike, 'Bridge it?' (BRIDGET *slaps* MRS. ERRIC *on the knee, and* MRS. ERRIC *considerably startled starts to rise, and then seats herself again as* BRIDGET *goes on*) Oi thought he wuz askin' of me, so Oi hollers out, 'Who's cut? Where is it?' They looked at me pretty ugly so Oi guess they wuzn't askin' me afther all but wuz jist talkin' about me. The missus frowned at me, and said 'Thot will do, Bridget,' so Oi wint out quick.

MRS. E. (*Her patience exhausted*) Yes, yes, but I'm in a hurry—please tell Mrs. Montgomery that Mrs. Erric is here.

BRIDGET. (*Resignedly*) All roight, mum (*Going into the dining room and shouting her message*) Mrs. Montgomery, here's Mrs. *Electric!*

MRS. M. (*In the dining room*) Hush, hush. Bridget, you mustn't shout so.

(*Enter* MRS. MONTGOMERY.)

MRS. M. Good morning, Mrs. Erric. Do let me apologize for Bridget's behavior. (*Confidentially*) You see she is brand new in America, as well as here, and doesn't know just what is expected of her.

MRS. E. (*Half-smiling*) Oh, that's all right, only I don't know *when* I have been received like that before. (*Chattering on*) But never mind that—I came over to find out if to-day is the day for our club meeting, or for the lecture down at the Baptist Church. I never *can* remember such things. I know at the last meeting, Miss Votine and I were talking about *something*, but I don't know *what!* Now, do tell me.

MRS. M. Why, it is our Club meeting. Don't you remember that you said it would be impossible for you to get your paper ready by October twenty-second?

MRS. E. Oh, yes, now I remember—it had just slipped my mind. You see, I am *so* busy! What with the baby to look after and Joe to please (although he's the *dearest* husband in all the world!) and my housework and my marketing to do—and *everything* to plan and watch—I just can't seem to keep things straight.

MRS. M. Yes, I sup——

MRS. E. (*Rattling on*)—I was *so* sorry to disappoint you about the paper. "*Repose, the Keynote of Health*"—but I simply couldn't do it. (*Hastily*) But I tried—really I did. I got out all of Joe's books, and looked through *dozens* of them, but not a word could I find about *repose!* And then, I looked in my doctor's book under the title of *health*, but there wasn't a single thing about *keynotes!* And, I got so excited—you've no idea how excited I got! Why, the other night when Joe came home there I was, surrounded by books, having a good cry. Poor Joe was *so* frightened, but when I explained what was the matter and that I hadn't had time to get his supper ready, he was *so* sweet—but then, you know, he's the dearest husband in all the world.

MRS. M. Yes, I am sure he must be!

MRS. E. I don't know what women do who have cranky husbands. I *tell Joe* that if he were cranky at me, I should surely die. I just wouldn't live to be scolded—but Joe never scolds. Sometimes he looks at me a little *queerly*, but it's only because he doesn't want me to be unhappy. Joe told me to let someone who had more time write the paper for the Club—so that's why I asked to be excused.

MRS. M. Oh, that is all——

MRS. E. (*Again interrupting*)—But I'm *so* glad

I didn't miss the meeting, for I *tell Joe* that although woman's place is in the home, she should broaden out as much as possible—and Joe thinks I would be very foolish not to belong to this Club, when *you* and *Mrs. De Vausney* belong, and you both have such fine social positions. I *tell Joe* that a woman should think of these things when choosing her friends, for you never can tell what may come up. But, mercy! hear me go on! (*She stands up*) And I came over for only a minute to find out about the meeting. (*Thoughtfully and worriedly*) I do hope the baby will be all right while I am out. Babies are a blessing, but they are a terrible care. I *tell Joe* that a man has no idea of the anxieties of a mother! Men are out in the world having a good time all day long, while their wives sit home worrying over them and the babies. But, of course, Joe can't see my point of view, although he's the *dearest* husband in all the world! Joe says that he *doesn't* have a good time all day long—but every time I go into his office he's just *talking,* and anybody *knows* that *that* isn't hard work. Joe says that those talks give us all the nice things we have, but it's talk just the same, and you can't make me believe he doesn't enjoy it! Why, almost *everybody* likes to talk! (*Sighs complacently*) For *myself—I* prefer to listen! But, we can't all be made alike. My, how the time does go—I really must hurry home!

MRS. M. (*Hospitably*) Now, don't forget—the meeting is at three.

MRS. E. All right, I think I can get here by that time if I hurry right home, and get my work done. I *tell Joe* that nobody can ever say that I am not conscientious about my housekeeping! Well, good-bye—I'll be here at three o'clock.

MRS. M. Good-bye, Mrs. Erric. (*Exit* MRS. ERRIC. MRS. MONTGOMERY *sinking into the nearest chair*) Joe, you must be superhuman!!

BRIDGET. (*At the doorway, comes in and flops in*

a chair in imitation of MRS. MONTGOMERY) How did yez *iver* sthop her?

MRS. M. (*Reprovingly*) That will do, Bridget, I don't want my guests criticized. Go do your work.

BRIDGET. (*Reluctantly*) All roight. (*Exit* BRIDGET. MRS. MONTGOMERY *once more endeavors to read her belated mail. She just gets interested.* BRIDGET *coming in from the dining room, much troubled*) Where's the snow?

MRS. M. The *what?*

BRIDGET. The *snow!* Ye tould me tuh make a snow puddin', and Oi've hunted all over the garden, but there ain't anny snow!

MRS. M. (*Exhaustedly*) Never mind the pudding, Bridget.

(BRIDGET *gets as far as the dining room door, and then a new idea strikes her.*)

BRIDGET. Whin d'yez want yer looneh?

MRS. M. Why, is it lunch time? (*Aside*) And what have I accomplished! (*To* BRIDGET) Is the lunch ready, Bridget.

BRIDGET. Indade it is not—it ain't ready at all, at all. I jist wanted to know *whin* ye moight be afther a-wantin' it.

MRS. M. (*Trying to keep her patience*) You may go right ahead with it—I shall eat it as soon as it is ready.

BRIDGET. (*Cheerfully*) All roight, mum. (*Exit* BRIDGET)

(*Just as* MRS. MONTGOMERY *picks up a letter, the 'phone bell rings.*)

MRS. M. (*Answering*) This is 643?.—This is Mrs. Montgomery. Who?—(*With a change of voice*) Oh, Miss Acribel—good morning.—What? You're not coming? Why not?—No, of course we couldn't

get along just as well without you. That poem of yours is to be one of the features of the day!—Oh, no, you shouldn't feel *that* way!—What did you say?—Why, I am *sure* she didn't mean it *that* way. She was talking to me just a few minutes ago, and she said nothing about it then.—Oh, I am *sure* you must have misunderstood her!—No, she wouldn't hurt your feelings purposely.—Then we may expect you at three?—Why, *of course!*—All right then, good-bye. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *looks at her un-read mail hopelessly*)

BRIDGET. (*Calling from the dining room*) Mrs. Montgomery, come on and git yer loonch.

MRS. M. (*Aside*) What an *awful* din!

BRIDGET. (*Calling louder*) Mrs. Montgomery, come on and eat.

MRS. M. (*Nervously*) How can I *ever* stand this!

BRIDGET. (*Walking into the room and addressing her mistress reproachfully*) Yer food is on the table —don't ye want it? Oi hollered, but Oi guess ye didn't hear me.

MRS. M. (*Wearily*) All right, Bridget. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *follows* BRIDGET *from the room. The curtain is drawn while* MRS. MONTGOMERY *is walking across the stage*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The same.*

TIME:—*Afternoon.*

(*Enter* MRS. MONTGOMERY. *She looks around the room, and seeing that it hasn't been put in proper order for the meeting, rings for* BRIDGET. *She is unanswered. She rings several times in vain.*

MRS. M. I wonder where that girl can be (*Exit* MRS. MONTGOMERY. *Enter* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *with* BRIDGET *in tow.* BRIDGET *is arrayed in a black dress* (*made of lining*) *a white apron* (*about six inches in diameter*) *and a maid's cap* (*about twice too large*). BRIDGET *is thoroughly pleased with her clothes, and walks back and forth to show them off.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *ignoring* BRIDGET'S *antics*) We will need some extra chairs, Bridget. You may get them from the other room, and I will help you arrange them.

BRIDGET. (*Looking ruefully down at her "best dress," shakes her head sadly*) All roight, mum. (*Exit* BRIDGET)

(*Enter* BRIDGET, *bringing in the chairs with a mighty clatter. She falls over one; bumps another against* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *and raises general havoc. She finally gets the chairs in, but is so clumsy that* MRS. MONTGOMERY *finally does all the work of arranging them, while* BRIDGET, *arms akimbo, watches her do it all.*)

MRS. M. (*Arranging the chairs*) You see,

Bridget, one chair should go here—another one here—one here, and so on. You may finish. (*Exit* MRS. MONTGOMERY)

BRIDGET. (*Standing in the middle of the floor for a minute*) Sez the missus, 'Look all over the house. as you go through a room. (*She cranes her neck. and then snatches a chair from its place and puts it back again*) *Iverything's got a place—put it in it!*' (*Exit* BRIDGET)

(*The door bell rings.* BRIDGET *rushes from the dining room into the hall, and ushers in* MISS VOTINE. *Simultaneously* MRS. MONTGOMERY *comes in from the dining room.* BRIDGET *gapes at the two women as they greet each other.*)

MRS. M. (*To* MISS VOTINE) How do you do. Miss Votine. (*To* BRIDGET *in an undertone*) You may go.

BRIDGET. (*Smiling broadly*) Eh?

MRS. M. (*Emphatically*) You may go, Bridget.

BRIDGET. All roight.

MISS VOTINE. (*With a crisp, sharp manner of speech*) Am I the first one here? (MRS. MONTGOMERY *nods affirmatively*) Well, I believe in being prompt. Rather an hour ahead of the time than a minute after it is *my* motto.

MRS. M. (*Graciously*) Some one has to be first you know. Miss Votine, and I am very glad to see you, I am sure. Won't you sit down?

MISS VOTINE. Thank you.

(*They both sit down.*)

MRS. M. Have you had a pleasant summer?

MISS V. Oh, yes, *very*. I have attended three women's suffrage conventions: have marched in two parades; have given four lectures—and then, I spent a week in the country—where I gave a series of talks in the town hall.

MRS. M. But when do you rest?

MISS V. (*Sharply*) Rest? Why should I rest? How can I waste time *resting* when there is so much to be done? The time for women to act is *now*. The *now* is all we have—and I should be ashamed to dally by the wayside *enjoying* myself! Oh, no, I must be busy! If every one were as interested in woman's suffrage as I am, no one would rest until *woman was handed the ballot!*

MRS. M. (*Meekly*) Oh! (*The door bell rings. Like a shot* BRIDGET *plunges through the room, and heading the line, ushers in several members of the Club.* (*Supes may be introduced here to swell the membership of the club, if desired.*) *The Secretary and Treasurer enter first—the supes, if any, come next—then* MRS. ERRIC *and lastly* MRS. DE VAUSNEY. MRS. ERRIC *is eclipsed by* MRS. DE VAUSNEY, *and while* MRS. MONTGOMERY *is greeting the supes,* MRS. ERRIC *goes over to* MISS VOTINE, *and begins to talk in an aside.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *greets all the guests in an undertone until she comes to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY, *whom she welcomes with acclaim.* BRIDGET *stands aside, listening.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) How do you do, Mrs. De Vausney!

MRS. DE V. (*Taking all of the conversation into her own hands, sure of attentive listeners*) How do you do. I was so afraid I would have to stay at home after all, for when I rang for my car, the *chauffeur* found, upon going out to the garage, that the two rear tires were flat, but he got the *gardener* to help him—so here I am! But while I was waiting, I put my time to good use. I called my *housekeeper* to me, and told her to keep a watch on the new *cook*, while I was out. The cook, you see, doesn't get along at all well with the *chambermaid*, so I thought I might as well make it plain, first as last, that I would have no quarrelling. *I hate* friction among servants! My *butler* couldn't get along at all well with the last *personal maid* I had—so I had to dis-

charge the maid. It's the queerest thing, but my *nurse* has such an odd disposition that the least quarrelling upsets her completely, so that she is unfit for her work—and I cannot have *that!* One can't be too careful, with a real *corps* of servants! (*She looks around to see if she is making the proper impression, and finds all eyes upon her, so is satisfied*)

BRIDGET. (*Standing at the doorway—and in an aside*) Oi wonder why she don't mintion her *other* servants!

MRS. M. (*Who has listened raptly to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) Yes, I suppose that is so! (MRS. MONTGOMERY *looks around the room, and sees* MRS. ERRIC *for the first time*) Oh, Mrs. Erric, I didn't see you before—I was just beginning to be afraid that you were not coming.

(MRS. ERRIC *comes over and shakes hands with her hostess, but turns quickly to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY, *who is her idol.*)

MRS. E. (*Seating herself next to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) What a shame you are so troubled. I *tell Joe* that there is some truth in 'blessed be nothing'—for what you don't have, you can't worry over. But, I suppose if I had as many servants as *you* have, I'd be worrying too—for *I* should never know where the money was coming from to pay them. But, I suppose you must get *some* pleasure out of them—even though you *don't* know what to do with them!

(MRS. DE VAUSNEY *bridles, but says nothing.* MRS. ERRIC, *not noticing her social error, goes on chatting with* MRS. DE VAUSNEY *in pantomime. The door bell rings, and again* BRIDGET *rushes through the room. Enter* MRS. JONES *and* MRS. WARBLER *and other supes, if desired, and last, droopingly and sadly comes* MISS ACRIBEL.

MRS. MONTGOMERY *greets them all individually, and then comes to* MISS ACRIBEL. BRIDGET, *who watches the greeting, wilts under the stern glare from* MISS ACRIBEL, *and hurries from the room.*)

MRS. M. (*To* MISS ACRIBEL) Good afternoon, Miss Acribel. I am *so* glad you could come.

MISS ACRIBEL. (*Dolefully*) Are you? It's a wonder! It's a wonder that anyone should be glad to see anyone else—or that anyone should be glad at *anything!* When there is so much misery and sorrow in the world, it's a marvel that anybody can smile, or that anybody *dares* to be happy! I know *I* am not happy, for one. Why should *I* laugh when there are those who weep? (*She sighs deeply and audibly*)

(*Everybody sighs as* MISS ACRIBEL *finishes.*)

MRS. E. (*Tactlessly*) But this is a *beautiful* day, and everybody should feel well and happy in this glorious sunshine! I *told Joe* this morning that anybody who couldn't be happy on a day like this, must be sour all the way from the inside, out.

(MISS ACRIBEL *glowers at* MRS. ERRIC.)

MRS. E. (*Rushing on*) I tell you, there is nothing like having a home and a husband and a baby to keep you *so* busy that you haven't time to think of anything else. Why, I *tell Joe* that if all the old ma—(*Catches herself just in time.* MISS ACRIBEL *and* MISS VOTINE *jump involuntarily*)—if all the women in the world had as much to think about as *I* have, this world would be a pretty busy place.

MISS V. (*Breaking in*) *Busy?* What do *you* know of the busy world, Mrs. Erric—you, who are surrounded by four walls? If you would like to know how busy it is possible for a woman to be, get into the fray and fight for a big principle. Work for

Equal Suffrage! Feel the battle pressing against you; put your shoulder to the wheel, and *pull for the shore!!* (*She does not notice her mixed metaphors, but seems pleased at her burst of oratory. As she subsides, the conversation becomes a general buzz.* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *to bring the meeting to order, taps on the table*)

MRS. M. Now ladies! (*Unnoticed, she taps again, and in a louder voice*) *Now ladies!*

(*The conversation gradually subsides.*)

MRS. M. (*Chairman of the day*) I am sure, ladies, that we are all very glad to be together again as a Club. The summer has without doubt been of benefit to us all, and we have come together with the determination to do even better work than we did last year. We shall depart from the usual order of things to-day (as it is our first meeting of the season) and give less time to business, and more time to the program. We will now listen to the Secretary's report.

SECRETARY. The last meeting of the Woman's General Information Club was held at the home of Mrs. De Vausney, last May. A program was given and *almost everybody* liked it.

MRS. M. (*Pompously*) You have heard the Secretary's report. What will you do with it?

MRS. E. (*Who has been chatting with* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) I second the motion.

MRS. M. But there *is* no motion before the house.

MRS. E. Well, then, what *was* the motion I seconded.

MRS. M. Why, there *was* no motion. Will you *make* the motion?

MRS. E. Yes. (*She goes right on talking to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY)

MRS. DE VAUSNEY. (*To* MRS. ERRIC) My butler is *so* irresponsible—you've no idea!

MISS V. (*Apropos of nothing*) I second the motion.

MISS ACRIBEL. (*Sourly*) Madam President, what *is* the motion?

MRS. M. (*In confusion*) Why—why—Oh, yes—it was "what will you do with the Secretary's report," and the motion has been made and seconded. All in favor please say "Aye."

(*All say "aye" except* MISS ACRIBEL, *who emphatically says "no."*)

MRS. M. (*Ignoring the contrary vote*) The motion is carried, and we will now have the Treasurer's report.

TREASURER. We *would* have had a dollar in the treasury, only I had to buy stamps—so we haven't anything.

MRS. M. You have heard the Treasurer's report. What will you do with it?

BRIDGET. (*Standing in the doorway remarks in an aside*) Give *me* the dollar ye haven't got, and Oi sind it fer a prisint to Oirland!

MRS. DE V. (*Rising airishly*) I make a motion, *and second it*, that this report be accepted—so that we can get through with the business, and proceed with the program.

MRS. M. (*Failing to notice all lack of parliamentary law*) The motion has been made, and seconded, and if everybody will please say "aye," we will proceed with the program.

(*All say "aye" except* MISS ACRIBEL.)

MRS. M. And now that the business is all finished, I wish to say, as President of this Club, that it gives me great pleasure to announce that we have been fortunate enough to secure Mrs. Chaminade-Beethoven-Jones, who will play the piano for us. Mrs. Jones has acquired well earned fame as a pianist.

She has climbed to the musical pinnacle from the depths of scales and arpeggios. Starting as a child, with mere five-finger exercises, she has risen to the enviable position which she now holds in the musical world. Ladies: Mrs. Chaminade-Beethoven-Jones! ("MRS. JONES" *plays the piano in a masterly way*) The next number on our program will be a paper, written and read by our staunch adherent of "Votes for Women," Miss Votine. The subject of her paper is, "The Effect of Equal Suffrage on the Price of Mucilage." Miss Votine!

MISS V. (*Rising, and bowing stiffly*) *Madam President, Ladies*—and I am glad to say, *no gentlemen:*

It will be my endeavor this afternoon to present to you the importance of Equal Suffrage, and its effect on—the price of mucilage!

Mucilage is a necessary evil, and as an evil should be controlled by the votes of *all* the people not by *half of them!*

Man, being of a different fibre, cannot realize the importance of the situation. If he could, he would long since have devoted his energies to the enfranchisement of Women, so that between them, they could have investigated this problem, and by their concerted efforts *put mucilage in a place where the merest child could get it!!*

In this fight for a principle, you will meet with opposition, but that is to be expected. The Men will look at you with an indulgent smile, and will say, 'Why do you bother your head about the price of mucilage? Why not leave such a *vital* matter to the Men? What do you, as a woman, know about the mucilage industry that makes you fitted to talk, or even to think about it? Do you know the component parts of mucilage, and all of the phases of its manufacture? *Every man does, of course*—so leave this matter to the Men.' *That* is the attitude the men will take, but do not let it disconcert you.

It is absolutely necessary for the best interests of the home; the State; the Country—*and the world*—that the price of mucilage be regulated—and this will never happen until women have the vote!!

Mucilage makes the postage stamp do its duty—therefore it is the guardian of the United States' mail! It keeps personal correspondence from the eyes of the postman and the housemaid—therefore, it is a competent watchman! It helps us mend the borrowed book, so that when it is returned, the tear isn't noticed—therefore it is a peacemaker, and an ever-present help in trouble!

So, you can readily see how closely allied Woman's Suffrage is to the *price of mucilage*—and in the face of this vital subject, do you wonder that I raise my voice in season (and *out* of season) for *votes for women?*

Ladies, this is a tenacious subject, and it will stick to you closely, despite your efforts to rid yourselves of it—so give it your careful consideration—and see if it does not make you think more seriously of *votes for women!!*

(*At the conclusion of this speech* MISS VOTINE *waves her arms dramatically, and after much applause from the Club, she struts to her seat, well pleased with her arguments.*)

MRS. M. And now, the next number will be a solo by a great favorite of ours—*Mrs. Nordica-Shumann-Heinck-Warbler.* It gives me great pleasure to present Mrs. Warbler.

(*A good vocal number is to be introduced here.*)

MRS. M. And now the last number on the program (*Hastily as* MISS ACRIBEL *looks injured at being last*) but I hasten to say *not the least* will be an original poem by Miss Acribel. Miss Acribel!

(Miss Acribel *rises droopingly, and with many sighs and groans, and in the most dismal tone. reads (or recites) the following poem.*)

WHAT'S THE USE?

Oh, what is the use of being gay,
When sadness is lurking near?
And what is the use of a smiling face,
While the eye can shed a tear?

Oh, why should we praise the rose that blows,
And speak of its matchless charm?
We view the blossom with pleasure, 'tis true,
But we view the *thorn* with alarm!

Oh, where's the good in a song-bird's note,
When the croak of the frog rasps out,
And where is the joy in a summer rain,
When there's *always* a chance of a drought?

Oh, what if the sky above *is* blue,
It might just as well be green,
For think of the days when the dark clouds come,
And the blue of the sky can't be seen!

And, where's the thrill in a star-filled sky,
When the danger is so immense!
Each star might turn to a *comet* some day,
And dash us from hither to hence!!

Oh, what's the use of youth's bright days,
When old age comes on a-pace——
And, what of the goal you may have won,
When you've had to run the race!

Oh, what is the use of you, or me,
Or of anyone here, or there——
And what is the use of this, or that——
Or of *anything, anywhere!!!*

(*Everybody sighs, as* MISS ACRIBEL *finishes this "wail."*)

MRS. M. And now, our program is finished—and I am sure we have all enjoyed it very much. All in favor of adjourning to talk and have refreshments will please say "aye."

(*This time the vote is unanimous. A buzz of conversation starts.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *leaves the room and returns immediately with* BRIDGET, *whom she instructs to carry off the extra chairs.*)

MRS. M. (*To* BRIDGET) Please take off the extra chairs, Bridget.

BRIDGET. All roight, mum. (BRIDGET *rushes in among the guests, and approaches* MRS. DE VAUSNEY, *who is chatting with* MRS. ERRIC. BRIDGET *to* MRS. DE VOTINE) Wud yez moind gittin' up?

(MRS. DE VAUSNEY *is disgusted, and takes very little pains to hide it.*)

MRS. DE V. (*To* MRS. ERRIC) That's the worst of servants! My butler is so stupid I have given up hopes of ever teaching him anything!

(*General conversation. Different groups form.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *talks to* MRS. DE VAUSNEY—MRS. ERRIC *turns and talks to* MRS. JONES, MISS VOTINE *holds forth to the Secretary and Treasurer, etc. Above the general conversation is heard these bursts:*)

MRS. E. But I *tell Joe* that a woman's work is *never* done!

MISS V. (*Oratorically*) I tell you, if the women would only unite and get the vote——

MRS. M. (*Who has left* MRS. DE VAUSNEY *and*

has taken the center of the stage, says in an aside) Oh, if she will *only* behave until they are gone.

(*Enter* BRIDGET *with a tray full of dishes. She trips and falls, breaking the dishes with a great noise.*)

BRIDGET. (*Half in tears*) Bad cess to these parties, annyway. They make me so nervous, they do, that me hand shakes iverything roight out uv it. Why can't they go home and lave me a little rist and quiet loike!

(*As* BRIDGET *falls* MRS. ERRIC, *who is the only one to give* BRIDGET *anything but angry looks, starts to pick up the prostrate girl, hesitates, and finally her kindness of heart overcomes her desire to act like* MRS. DE VAUSNEY, *and she goes over and helps* BRIDGET *arise.* BRIDGET, *overcome by this one act of kindness, gives vent to her tears, and goes off the stage howling. Quiet is finally restored, and then comes the departure of the guests.*)

MRS. ERRIC. (*Coming up to* MRS. MONTGOMERY *in a flutter*) I *told Joe* that I would be home early, so I must go now. I tell you, this afternoon was *almost* worth leaving my housework for—and if the baby is all right when I get home, I'll feel that the meeting wasn't a waste of time after all. Good-bye.

MRS. M. Good-bye.

(MRS. DE VAUSNEY *is the next to leave. She approaches her hostess with many airs.*)

MRS. DE V. (*Shaking hands affectedly*) Good-bye, Mrs. Montgomery. A really delightful time. (*Patronizingly*) Now, some afternoon, if I can spare the time from my many social duties, and the car is running all right, and the chauffeur has nothing

else to do, I'll come down and take you for a little spin through the Park.

MRS. M. (*Sarcastically*) I am sure that is most kind of you.

(*Some of the "supes" depart here, and make their adieux in undertones.*)

MISS ACRIBEL. (*Dismally*) It *could* have been worse, couldn't it? Of course, we can't expect to have meetings like *real* clubs, but I suppose there are some that don't have as good meetings as ours, so we can be comforted. (*Anxiously*) Do you think it will rain before I get home?

MRS. M. Why, I am sure it won't. We had a beautiful sunset.

MISS A. Oh, I know—but you never can tell how quickly the storm clouds will gather. The sun may be shining one minute—but it may be raining the next!

MRS. M. Well, I hope you will get home all right this time. Good-bye.

(*The rest of the "supes," and the Secretary and Treasurer, also the pianist and soloist depart here.*)

MISS V. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Montgomery. I hope my talk this afternoon will prove good seed in good ground—and that the results may be as the sands of the seashore. If you would like any further information on the subject of Equal Suffrage, just let me know and I will come down and talk it over
DE VAUSNEY) Wud yez moind gittin' up?
with you. Why, I could talk a *week* without stopping. Good-bye.

(*When the last one finally goes,* MRS. MONTGOMERY *drops into a chair, completely exhausted. Enter*

BRIDGET. *She flops down in a chair, immitating* MRS. MONTGOMERY.)

BRIDGET. (*With great interest*) *Did yez loike yer party?*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*The same.*

TIME:—*An hour later.*

SCENE:—*With the rise of the curtain,* BRIDGET *is discovered "straightening" up the room. She dusts the most ridiculous places. Her duster is long and narrow. Her work grows slower and slower until she finally ceases altogether.*

BRIDGET. (*Soliloquizing*) So thot's a Club? Begobs, Oi wonder if they do thot for a *good toime*, or only because there's nothing ilse around handy-loike fer thim to do! Oi wonder wot they would do with a *rale* toime, loike a good, rollickin' dance on the Green, or a picnic in the woods where iverybody sits down comfortable-loike whin they eat, instid o' sthandin' around in corners, seein' how long they can hold a cup an' saucer; a sandwich; a napkin; a cake: a candy: and some nuts widout a-sphillin' anny of thim? No wonder Oi dhropped thot tray! Oi guess Oi had to do it to save some o' thim the throuble o' doin' it thimsilves. (*Thoughtfully*) But Oi'm sorry Oi sphilt thot tray, Oi am. Oi wonder wot the missus'll be a-sayin' to me fer a-smashin' of her dishes. Oh, well, it's not me thot meant to do it.

How did Oi know the rug was goin' to jump up and ketch me toe! (*She walks slowly up and down the room—and then a thought strikes her. Lifting an imaginary lorgnette to her eyes, she imitates* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) Oi wonder why thot woman carried her specs on a sthick? (*She arranges her duster for a train, and swishes up and down in imitation of* MRS. DE VAUSNEY) Oh, yis, me butler, me baker and me candle-stick-maker are out playin' tag wid the cook, and the chambermaid, and the dogcatcher—and iverybody ilse Oi *own*. (*She arranges her train as she turns—and adjusts her "lorgnette"*) Oi got a orter-mobile, and Oi own the mon wot runs it—and if ye don't believe Oi've got anny more servants than Oi can think uv all at wance, jist come around some day, and if Oi can't think uv annything Oi'd rather do, Oi'll sit me down fer a minute or two, and tell ye about the rist. (BRIDGET *suddenly remembers that she was supposed to be working, and begins to dust vigorously. The 'phone bell rings.* BRIDGET *waving her hand at the 'phone*) Kape sthill, you bell—don't you know the Missus had a Club here to-day, and thot she's all *beat* up? (*The bell rings again—and* BRIDGET'S *voice is louder*) Kape sthill there—Oi'm afther a-tellin' ye thot the missus is shleepin' and ye'll be a-wakin' uv her. (*She screams at the ringing 'phone*) So ye won't kape sthill, eh? Well, it's not me thot's goin' to have a little bell a-talkin' back at me. *Kape sthill!!!* (*She starts for the 'phone*)

(*Enter* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *in a lounging robe.*)

MRS. M. (*Wearily*) What *is* the matter, Bridget?

BRIDGET. Oh, mum, it's the little *bell* wot's gone and woke ye up. Oi tould it, it would be afther a-doin' it!

MRS. M. (*Answering the 'phone*) Hello! What's that? The wrong number? (*With a sigh*) All right. (*Turning to* BRIDGET) Now, Bridget,

I am going to lie down again for a few minutes. I am very tired, so please get the room in order and quickly and as *quietly* as possible. (*Exit* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *walking very slowly*)

(BRIDGET *starts her work again, but soon her thoughts get the better of her, and she works slower and slower—and then stops altogether.*)

BRIDGET. (*Groaning prodigiously in imitation of* MISS ACRIBEL) Me name is Bridget—*but what's the use!* Me hair is red and Oi know it—*but what's the use!* Oirland is in wan place—and Americy *ain't—but what's the use!* (*She stares into vacancy for a minute, and then putting her duster around her, the way* MISS VOTINE *wore her "Votes for Women" insignia, she imitates* MISS VOTINE. BRIDGET *as she arranges the duster*) Oi wonder wot thot woman wanted with a vote. (*Having arranged the duster, she looks down at it in a satisfied manner, and spells out the words*) Votes—for—Women! (*Oratorically*) Why *shouldn't* the women suffer equal wid the men? They would if they knew the price of—*mucilage!* Why don't they know it? *Votes for Women!* Votes for Women would keep a sthamp on a letter, so it's a sthicker! Votes for Women would keep a housemaid, so it's a help *to* trouble! Votes for Women borrows yer neighbor's book and tears it. Oi haven't got anny vote, and thot's the only reason Oi want it! (*She mounts to a chair*) Votes fer Women! Votes fer Chauffeurs, fer Waitresses, fer Butlers, fer—*wot's the use*—as Oi tell Joe—*me name is Bridget O'Flinnigin! ! !* (*She makes an elaborate bow—and just in the middle of it,* MRS. MONTGOMERY *walks into the room and stops aghast.* BRIDGET *half stops her bow, and then finishes it—to* MRS. MONTGOMERY)

FINAL CURTAIN.

HER LORD AND MASTER.

A Comedy in Three Acts, by Martha Morton. Six males, five females. Costumes modern. One interior and one exterior scene. Plays a full evening.

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This is the celebrated comedy produced by Mr. Sol Smith Russell for so many years with great success. Mr. Russell played the part of David Holmes, a quaint, odd character. He is a bachelor, country editor and literary critic, so absorbed in his work that the outside world has little interest for him. In fact, he has even overlooked the circumstance that his ward, Sylvia, who lives with a maiden aunt, has outgrown childhood, and he still sends her dolls and other toys as presents.

When, however, this oversight is made clear to him by the arrival of the young woman herself a change comes over his life. The critical sanctum grows too narrow for him and his interest in her leads him out into the world. And now the man who has lived in a world of the mind learns that there is a world of the heart, for he comes to regard his charming ward with feelings more tender than those of fatherly interest. But his sense of honor forbids him to disclose these. Nor does he imagine for a moment that she, charming girl, could become interested in him, a crusty old bachelor. At last, however, an attempt on his part to arrange a suitable marriage for her leads to the disclosure that she loves him. Miss Annie Russell played Sylvia in the original New York production. Price, 50 cents.

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A Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, seven females. The comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton is peculiarly suited to the use of schools and colleges, containing as it does much humor, only fully appreciated by those in the course of their classical studies. The play bristles with allusions mythological and historical, which only serve to set off the excessive modernity of the work as a whole.

The story concerns itself with the revivification of the statue of Niobe, who was turned into stone by Phœbus and Artemis, who wearied of her incessant tears for her lost children. The statue is in the keeping of Peter Amos Dunn, an insurance broker, and comes to life while his family are at the theatre seeing Pygmalion and Galatea.

Hopeless of convincing his wife of the truth of the story of the statue's animation, he introduces Niobe as the new governess they are expecting and the situation thus set up is the beginning of many perplexities and endless laughter. Niobe is what is known as a sure-fire laugh producer and contains many good almost self-acting parts—that of Niobe being especially effective with its combination of queenly majesty and naiveté in the midst of her modern surroundings. Price, 50 cents.

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A gentle, amiable widow-mother is Mrs. Pellender. Each member of her family is strongly characteristic. Edith, a malade imaginaire; Nancy, a tom-boy; Noel, a mischievous youth; and the superior Miss Pellender, as crisp as a biscuit, sharp as a knife, and the terror of the family. The mother falls in love with a diffident gentleman named Tister, but to break the news to her unsparing child she feels the greatest reluctance. She and her fiance are quite unable to muster sufficient courage to "confess," and, in ultimate desperation, they elope, leaving a note behind explaining.

This is a clever, high-class comedy, particularly suited to production by girls' schools and colleges, and it should prove a great success wherever produced. It was originally produced at The Playhouse, London, with Mr. Cyril Maude in the role of Mr. Tister. Price, 50 cents.

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The story of "STRONGHEART." is that of an Indian, named Strongheart; the son of a chief, who has been sent by his tribe to Carlysle, and then to Columbia, that he may return and impart the wisdom of the East. Strongheart takes a thorough course in football, and when he arrives at Columbia he is a crack halfback of the Morningside team.

The first act is laid in the rooms of Frank Nelson and Dick Livingston, also members of the team, Thorne, of the team, is jealous of Livingston. In order to plunge the latter into debt, he has wagered with him $3000 on the result of the approaching contest, and then plots to lose the game for his own eleven, by sending a list of signals to the rival team.

Act II is played in the teams' dressing room. Between halves the treachery is discovered. Strongheart is placed under suspicion and dismissed from his team.

Victory follows, nevertheless, and the curtain falls on a scene of rejoicing.

The next two acts are devoted more to the love interest in the play. Strongheart declares his love for Dorothy Nelson, the captain's sister, and learns that while she loves him in return, the prejudice of her family and friends give emphatic objections to the marriage.

Thorne is exposed as the traitor who divulged the signals and just as Dorothy and Strongheart have decided to marry despite family prejudices, a member of his tribe enters and announces the death of the young man's father.

Black Eagle, the messenger, demands that Strongheart return, assume the honor of chief, and discharge his debt to the tribe for the education they have given him.

Wavering between love and duty, Strongheart finally promises to throw aside his love and return to his people.

CRITICISMS

HERALD—NEW YORK.

"STRONGHEART" is a good, strong American play.

PRESS—NEW YORK.

Than "STRONGHEART" no more satisfying entertainment has been vouchsafed to us so far this year.

EVENING SUN—NEW YORK.

"STRONGHEART" has dramatic qualities which are startling and true.

LIFE—NEW YORK.

There is a delightful atmosphere about "STRONGHEART."

HERALD—BOSTON, MASS.

"STRONGHEART" is one of the greatest American plays ever written.

"STRONGHEART" was played for three seasons by Robert Edeson, and for one season each by Ralph Stuart and Edgar Selwyn. The fact that almost all the characters are college boys and girls, makes the prevailing spirit of the play one of youth, and renders it particularly suitable to the needs of Amateur Dramatic Clubs and Organizations.

The Cast is 17 males and 5 females. Plays a full evening.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

This play is subject to royalty when produced.